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FEBRUARY 2011

THE PAPER OF RECORD

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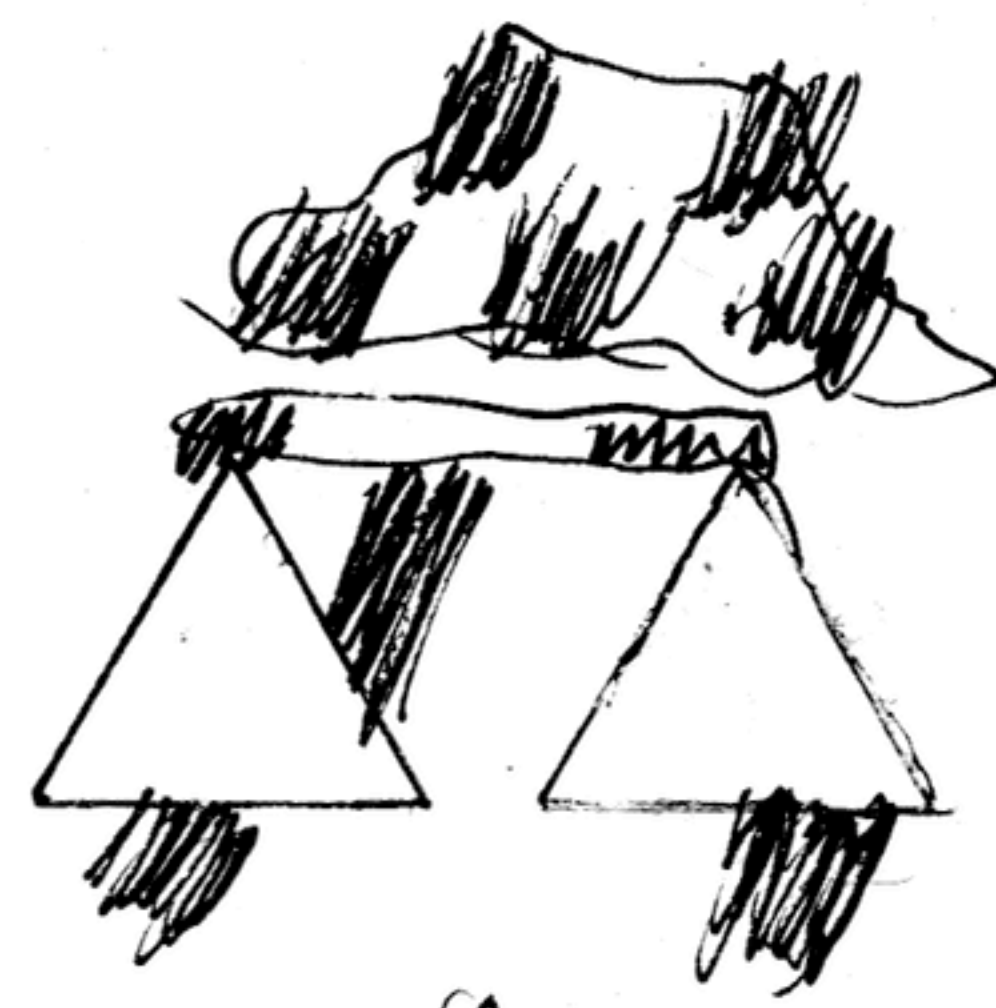
Mothers News

HI OR WHATEVER

Welcome to February, Cabbage Month, Mud Month, "Month of the Pearl". A month of purification but not necessarily refinement. February used to be the last month of the year, then around 450 BC it became the second month. WHICH IS FINE. But moving purification to the SECOND step? Kind of a weird move right? Kind of? I don't know, maybe it makes sense.

HOLIDAYS IN FEBRUARY

Groundhog day is a real thing in which an animal arbiter is called in to decide when spring is going to "really" start. Will it be on Imbolc (the feast day of Brigid), or will it be on the proper vernal equinox? Noncompatible measurement protocols, calendrical intersections... this is the sort of othering bullshit that people cuss out their neighbors over- 10th century politicians had it right to defer to a common garden pest and be done with it!



The Lupercalis used to take place from the 13th to the 15th, when youths and magistrates would run bare ass naked through the town and (according to Plutarch) "strike those they meet with shaggy thongs" which is good luck for those struck. This went on FINE until the 5th century when Pope Gelasius I led a campaign against it, ending the luckiness of people. Now they got Valentine's Day on the 14th, that sucks.



BRING BACK THE SHAGGY THONGS!

OK, so Lupercalia is named after the cave where the she-wolf lived who nurtured and fed the two identical twins that founded your particular city state. You... are free to take this as allegory. As Martin Buber said in "Ten Rungs" (extrapolating upon God's address to Abraham), "First, get you out of your country, that means the dimness you have inflicted on yourself. Then out of your birthplace, that means out of the dimness your mother inflicted on you. After that, out of the house of your father, that means out of the dimness your father inflicted on you. Only then will you be able to go to the land that I will show you.". So let's not split hairs in re: God concepts or in re: statehood- basically if you want to go to the land (aka west, aka the direction of change, aka the biggest direction there is), go where the wolf sucks, and suck it. If you're not down with that, crumple up this newspaper and throw it on the ground right now.

OK. Now that we've defined our terms, and we know, basically, what it is we're even celebrating (freedom from the known + general fertility), how do we go even celebrate Lupercalia? there's some dog sacrifice, for which I think hot dogs (or barring that, Devil Dogs) would suffice. There's some goat sacrifice, but I that's basically allegory too (GOAT = Greatest Of All Time). The important thing is that you race around almost naked, and you whip hangers-around with a piece of the sacrifice (which in the case of Devil Dogs would be a cellophane wrapper? I don't know, you'll have to improvise something). So you can either race around, or you can put yourself in harm's way and try to get struck (which is good luck and cures barrenness of all sorts). These are the ways to do it. Also, laughter plays some sort of key role. Also, this is kind of "duh", but "the origins [of Lupercalia] are lost in antiquity and may even predate civilization.". Which translates to "the human race has never needed an excuse to run around naked, any old excuse will do.". Again, this is February 13th to the 15th. If you are in high school you might get expelled for this, unless you ask your English teacher if you can do an extra project relating to Julius Caesar (act 1), then you'll get extra credit, or at least there will be extenuating circumstances.



THIS JUST IN

SCENE REPORT: VACATION

By Dan Ca\$hman

My family took me on a cruise not long ago. My old lifestyle caught up with me and a rotted tooth went into "shut Dan down" mode, and I was unable to have fun/drink/zone out for most of the trip. So I'm just gonna make a quick little record of things I did/saw/had happen to me while on this toothdecay trip.

Before departure, I took a long walk in Fort Lauderdale. Passing a rock with Sade playing out of it at our hotel, I felt kind of at home. Then after passing the Sade-rock, I put on my headphones and listened to Coletrane's Ascension. Then I felt alien. On the ship I saw a couple almost Hi-top fades on some middle aged men, it made me feel really happy and at home.

I sang karaoke as much as I could. The book, which had lots of typo's listed "The Message" under "Grandmother Flash." No joke. No "Strokin" on this karaoke unfortunately, so I was building up to "Unwritten" by Natasha B. I do a pretty intense version of that. I filled the time doing all the old rap hits...this led to lots of people giving me high fives and votes of confidence along the lines of "Nice job with Mama Said Knock You Out last night!" As I walked this deck of 3000 strangers. But the height was a little white old southern lady asking me: "Are you a professional rapppperrrr?" I told her that I definitely was not.

The dance club on the ship had some of the most hilarious decor I've ever seen. Giant white hands and feet sticking out of the floor with bad Ed Hardy-esque tattoos. They were really huge limbs, and the white reflected all the light so it was bright, bright, bright in there. And I really would hate to be a DJ stuck doing top 40 now...cuz apparently even people who like things like top 40 now, don't seem to like anything but 2 or 3 songs.

So then I read lots of Conan stories (barbarian literature) and an old issue of Cinemafantastique from 1988, and listened to lots of Loren Mazzacane Connors. Listened to the complete "Bitches Brew" sessions while watching Pandas play on the TV. The karaoke boss asked me to sing as James Brown in the show at the end of the cruise. I politely declined. Ha, Soul Brother number 1? More like honorary soul guy number 108,597.

But man, my tooth was killing me...it's gone now though!



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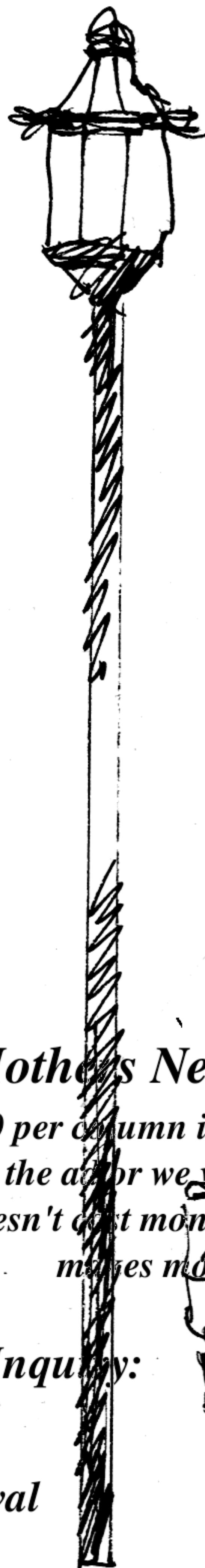
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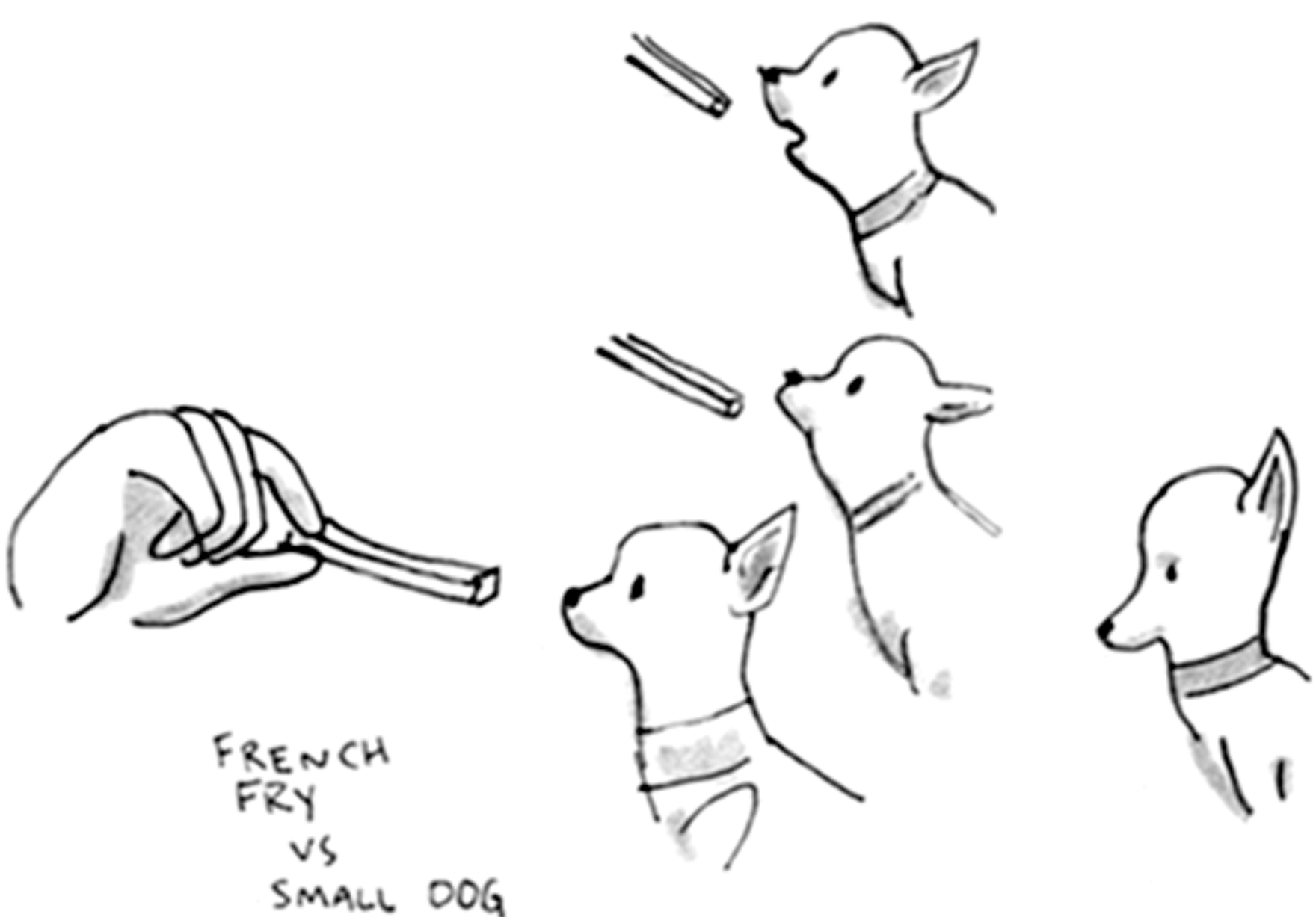
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THEE AMBROSE BIERCE MEMORIAL WORD JUMBLE

by Ambrose Bierce before he died



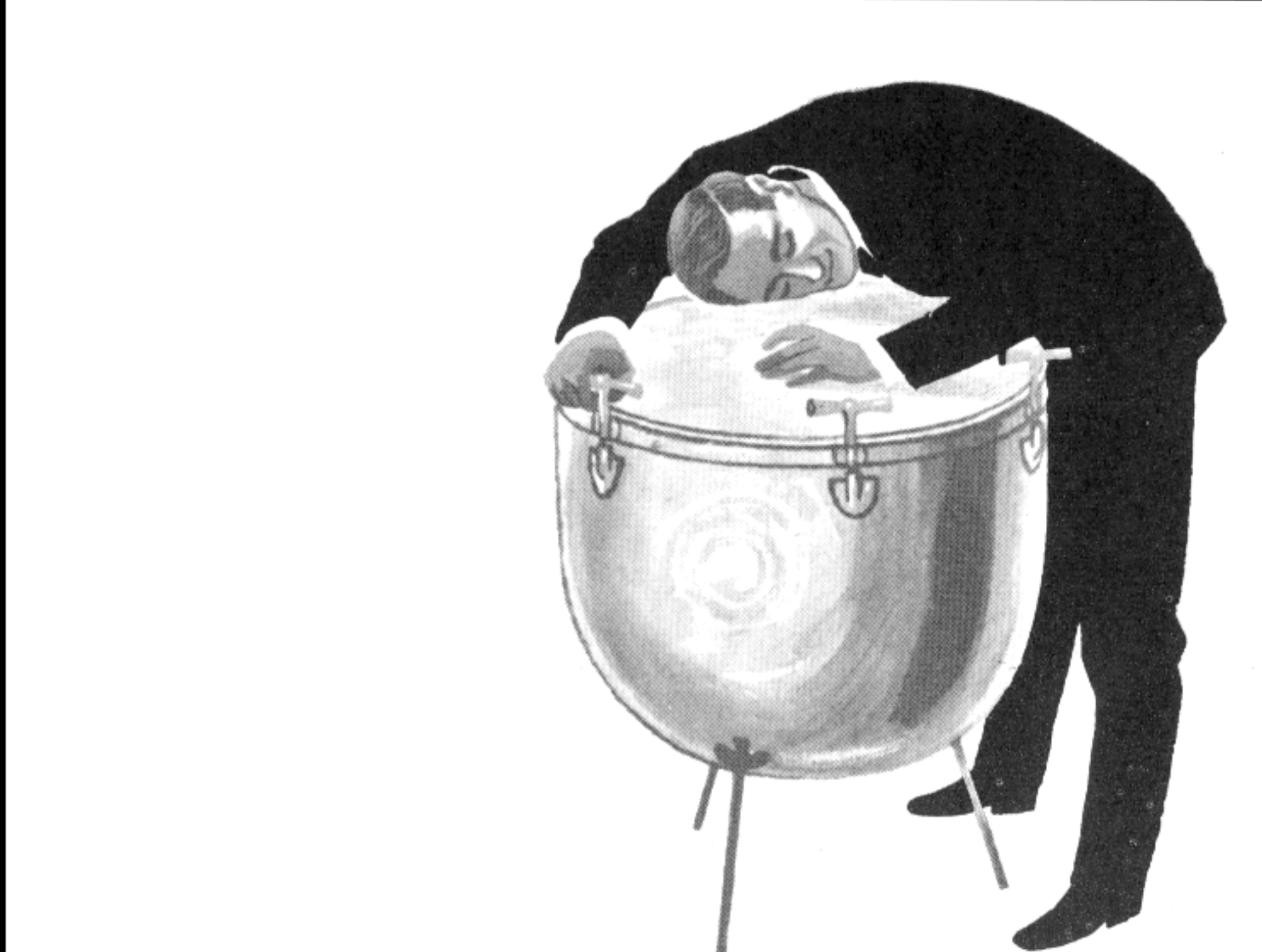
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